

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

A writer in the churchman says that it required \$8,000 last year to distribute \$10,000 in one of the benevolent societies of the Episcopal church.

The Baptist have a Cub Run church in Virginia, and a Coven Run in West Virginia, and a Baptist paper breaks out with the exulting sentence—"Follow the creeks and you will find the Baptist Churches."

It is said that sixty thousand persons have signed the Temperance pledge in this city, Pennsylvania, since the first of December under the labors of Mr. Murphy, and very few backsliders are reported.

Bishop Pearce is credited with the following sharp bit of sarcasm: "If some Methodist were to enter heaven, and were questioned as to what the Church on earth was doing, they would be dumb from their ignorance."

During the last Summer vacation, the students of Richmond (Virginia) Institute were instrumental in the conversion of over one thousand souls. This is a Baptist institution, and is proving itself an important auxiliary to the Church.

The First Presbyterian Church of Danville, Ky., has extended a call to Rev. E. M. Green, of North Carolina. This church, known as Concord, is one of the oldest in the State, dating back to 1794. Baron Stone, the founder of the New Lights, for a length of time occupied this pulpit, and many distinguished ministers, some of them now living, have had pastoral charge of the congregation.

At the STANFORD CHURCHES.—Quarterly meeting, embracing services of Saturday and Sunday, was held at the Methodist Church by Rev. Wm. Rowland, of Richmond. His Sabbath morning sermon on the importance of the new birth, showed a thorough knowledge of the scriptures and was most attentively listened to. He knows when to stop, too. Elder Logan Williams, according to announcement, preached twice at the Christian Church. He evidently had not read last week's INTERIOR JOURNAL, or what is worse, if he had, didn't profit by it, for his discourses were always good, but then, there can be too much of a good thing. Rev. Wm. Crow had a good audience at the Presbyterian Church, and preached a most impressive sermon. He is one of our best preachers, and is much beloved by every one. Rev. J. M. Bruce, at the Baptist Church preached a very affecting funeral discourse over the remains of little Len Hamilton, who was killed by the cars on Friday night.

At the latter church at night, Dr. G. S. Savage, held the 53d anniversary of the Lincoln County Auxiliary Union Bible Society. This meeting should have been held the 1st Sunday in November last, but as no one was here to push the matter, it was allowed to be indefinitely postponed. For this reason Dr. Savage, Agent of the American Union Bible Society for the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, came to revive the cause. In respect to the occasion the pastors of all the churches, except the Christian, dispensed with their usual Sunday night meetings, and attended the meeting of the Society. Rev. J. L. Barnes, as Vice President, took the chair, and announced the programme of the evening. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, and after a most interesting address from Dr. Savage, a collection was taken for the cause, and (shame upon us) only \$19.20 were obtained. The election of officers for the ensuing year, being next in order, the following persons were chosen by a unanimous vote: President, Rev. J. L. Barnes; Vice Presidents, Revs. Wm. Crow, J. R. Peoples, J. M. Bruce and S. H. King; Treasurer, E. R. Chensault; Secretary, Rev. S. S. McRoberts; Executive Committee, J. B. Dennis, B. E. Barrow, J. M. Phillips, James Paxton and G. H. McKimney. After short addresses by Revs. Wm. Crow and J. L. Barnes, the meeting adjourned to meet at the Presbyterian Church, the 1st Saturday in November next. It is to be regretted that the attendance was so small, but such is ever the case when a collection is to be taken.

It is nothing unusual for a woman to have two lovers, but we do not remember to have seen or heard of one who permitted them to sit one on each side of her, and alternately taste the honeyed sweetness of her lips in front of a hotel window. But such a scene was witnessed here on Tuesday, the entertainment lasting for two hours, to the infinite amusement of a number of persons who watched the two Tarpor dillies working half-minute "tours" on the same little sugar-well, and she was equal to their demands to the last. —[Olean (N. Y.) Herald.]

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion.....\$1.50
A liberal deduction for each subsequent insertion.
Regular advertising will find our rates to be as moderate as those of any other respectable paper.
"Local Notices" 10 cents per line. Advertising notices in Local Notices, 20 cents per line.
Announcements of Marriages, Births and Deaths, inserted free of cost.
Obituaries, Testimonials of the past, &c., will, however, be charged at the rate of 1 cent per line, instead of 10 cents, as heretofore.

OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE
In every particular, and our Job Presses are acknowledged the best in the State.
Prompt to suit the times.

A Compliment to the Louisville Hospital College of Medicine.

For the past week the committee of physicians, to whom the duty of examining candidates for the position of resident graduates in the City Hospital was entrusted by the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities, has been engaged every night in grading the written answers to the questions propounded. Every precaution was taken to avoid any suspicion of partiality, the committee being composed of physicians in no way connected with the various medical schools, and the questions having been selected by professors of the several branches in the colleges of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Nashville, and sent here under seal, and opened only after the candidates entered the examination room.

In grading the answers, they were read to the committee by a gentleman unfamiliar with the hand-writing. There were thirteen candidates for the four positions of resident graduates, seven of the number being graduates of the Hospital College of Medicine and six of the Louisville Medical College, the University of Louisville not sending any applicants.

The following were the four successful candidates:
Dr. Walter Isard, of Virginia, Hospital College of Medicine; Dr. Bayl Cornick, Tennessee, Hospital College of Medicine; A. P. Owens, Louisville Medical College; W. H. Barnard, Mississippi, Hospital College of Medicine.

It will be seen that the Hospital College of Medicine won three out of the four positions. Last year its graduates secured the first and second positions. The examination, it is said, was by far the most rigid to which the candidates have ever been subjected, and was conducted in a spirit of unobscured fairness and impartiality. —[Courier-Journal.]

Cure for Diphtheria.
A correspondent of an English paper writes as follows: "Should any of your family be attacked with diphtheria do not be alarmed, as it is easily and speedily cured without a doctor. When it was raging in England a few years ago, I accompanied Dr. Field on his round to witness the so-called 'wonderful cures' he performed, while patients of others were dropping on all sides. The remedy to be so rapid, must be simple. All he took with him was a powder of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He put a teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into a wineglass of water, and stirred it with his finger, instead of a spoon, and the sulphur did not readily amalgamate with the water. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast and plant, in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommends the swallowing of it. In extreme cases, in which he has been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, the gargling. He never lost a patient from diphtheria. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone at a time upon it, let the sufferer inhale it, hold the head over it, and the fungus will die. If plentifully used, the whole room may be filled almost to suffocation the patient can walk about in it, inhaling the fumes, with the doors and windows shut. The mode of fumigating a room with sulphur has often cured the most violent attacks of cold in the head, chest, etc., at any time, and is recommended in cases of consumption and asthma."

Juridical Undertaking.
A judge in Western New York was badly sold a few weeks ago, by a jurymen who wanted to be excused. His honor asked if he had good and sufficient reason for his desired absence. The juror replied not only that he had, but that his special and particular reason was that he was obliged to attend a funeral. Leave of absence was granted. As the retiring form of the juror passed out of sight through the door, the sheriff undertook to judge, "that man's an undertaker!" The funeral was a great success that day; but that judge has since been very careful about granting leave of absence to jurors that they may bury the dead.

ADVANTAGES OF A LONG COURTSHIP.—Brown was telling Jones of the death of a lady whom a friend of his had courted for twenty-eight years, and then married. She turned out to be a perfect virgin, but died two years after her wedding. Said Jones, "Your friend was a lucky fellow, what a life of misery he escaped by a long courtship."

STATE NEWS.

The Somerset Baptists are preparing to build a new and handsome church.

The Mountain Echo is temporarily suspended, in order to make some changes in its office.

The contract for re-building the Scott County Court-House has been awarded to a Cincinnati firm at \$34,000.

Quite a number of deaths from Pneumonia have occurred in Mercer county, and the disease is still prevailing.

A deaf man named Liff Davis, of Grayson county, was run over and killed by a couple of drunken bloods racing their teams.

The Bracken County Chronicle looks like a stud horse bill, but then friend Orr don't care for that, so long as the "Star Clothing Hall" lays down the cash.

The Kentucky Amateur Press Association met in Frankfort last week. The Yonoma says they were all handsome fellows, and made of the same material that the rest of us are. That's a high compliment.

A Fayette county man has, up to this date this season, had his flocks increased 800 by faithful ewes. The Lexington Press says that indications are that the lamb trade will be brisk, and open at \$3.50 and \$4 per head.

The Blue Grass Clipper tells of a Scott county elopement that was achieved by the lovers, who rode all the way to Indiana and back on a horse "double fashioned." There's a pluck for you.

The Bowling Green Postgraph has an account of the suicide of a young lady named Miss Benson. She climbed a tree, and fastened one end of the rope to a limb and the other around her neck, jumped into the mouth of death.

Capt. Fitzhugh and party have finished the survey of one route for the narrow gauge road from Georgetown to Frankfort, and commenced another. The cost of the two will be compared, and presented for selection to the people.

The Somerset Republican asks with tears in its eyes, "When are we going to have a passenger train on the Cincinnati Southern?" We give it up. But if you want to have your coal retorted, and see something of the world, jump to Camden's Stage Coach and come up to Stanford. Don't wait for the cars.

Lillian Jenkins, the Mercer county cattle thief, gave bail in the two first cases against him. But a third one is brought, and an additional charge of carrying concealed weapons. The Observer thinks it pretty sure that Jenkins will witness the verbal execution through the bars of the jail windows, as he will be unable to give further bail.

A horse thief named Wheeler was sent to the Penitentiary for four years at the late session of the Simpson County Circuit Court. The Prisoner says when the sentence was passed Wheeler became so furious with his prosecutor, Mr. Jenkins, that he rushed into his cell with a chair, and was only prevented in his murderous designs by bystanders.

A Texas Granger Store has gone under, i. e., busted. Loss \$1,200.

Cattle in Texas are worth from \$8 to \$12 per head. One ranche has as many as 75,000 head.

Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert, the distinguished Southern Authoress, died near Augusta, Ga., last week.

The editor of a spiritualist journal in Chicago was shot and instantly killed by the husband of the woman he seduced.

Four negroes were hung at Aiken, S. C., on Friday last, for the murder of two Germans, whom they killed for their money.

Nine hundred horses, six hundred and forty-three asses, and thirty-five mules appeared the appetites of the Parisians last year.

In Buenos Ayres ordinary board can be had at \$980 per week. Money there ain't worth as much as Confederate notes bring now.

An Illinois woman fell in a well, and remained there in water up to her neck for ten hours. No damage was done, further than that the water was rendered unfit for use for several days.

Oliver Ames, the maker of the best shovel known, has lain aside the "shovel and the hoe" and gone to that "bourne &c." His will bequeaths \$200,000 to public institutions and charities.

A woman of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., who was with her two daughters, ejected from a ball-room, has sued for \$10,000 damages. She is going to prove her respectability by publishing a list of all the nice young men that visit her house.

They have good size girls in Mississippi. One ten years old has run up to six feet high, and tips the scales at 190 pounds. Not satisfied with being such a big girl, she is also distinguished by having six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot.

Brigham Young, the Boss Mormon, is about to hand in his checks, but before he does so he is expected to appoint Brigham, Jr., to succeed him. The latter revels in the bliss of the affections of three wives, but further than a desire for that kind of life, he said not to be much of a Mormon.

DEFERRED CONTRIBUTIONS.

BUCKEYE, KY., March 13, 1877.

I went to town last week, (which means Lancaster, of course,) and you see going "to town" is quite an event in the life of a resident of Buckeye, embracing a variety of stirring scenes, foremost of which, is the disagreeable necessity of "getting up in the morning" an hour before the usual time for the purpose of securing an "early start." Then follows the long-drawn-out drive of ten miles, which for the most part, is a series of jumps and thumps, up hill and down, enough to put in thorough repair the digestive organs of the most melancholy dyspeptic, ever advised to try violent exercise as a remedy for his disease. Notwithstanding all this, I reached Lancaster last Wednesday, (you remember what a beautiful Spring-like day that was) in a very amiable frame of mind, prepared to be delighted with every thing and every body I saw. And really the town did present an unusually bright and lively appearance; every body seemed busy, and the imposing heaps of dirt, straw and general litter that graced both sidewalk and street in front of some of the stores, added much of course, to the picturesque beauty (?) of the public square. I saw several pretty well-dressed ladies on the street, and best of all, I met, and had a pleasant little conversation with the lovely, gifted authoress, Mrs. Eugenia Dunlap Potts.

Mr. Burnside, the enterprising druggist, was just receiving a supply of "blue glass," and I fancied that several disciples of Eccehuppi, I chanced to see on the street, looked badly apprehensive of the marvelous agency, independent of all aid from "pills and powders." But for my part, I feel like using Gen. Pleasanton, for ever getting up at this communion; for didn't I just go absolutely ruin my blue silk over skirt, a short time ago, stretching it across the lower end of a window on the "Sunny South side" of the house, trying "blue light" for the headache? And didn't I sit there in its immediate rays full of faith and hope, "thinking up" a nice testimonial of gratitude to send to Gen. Pleasanton, until the color was partly drawn out of my blue overskirt, and my head felt ready to burst with the terrible increase of pain? And didn't I take mustard plasters and a hot foot-bath and two grains of Quinine, and a dose of Morphine, to antidote the effect of that fearful "blue light" on my head? No wonder I turn "blue" now, if the subject is mentioned in my presence.

The Radical artillery of Buckeye, which consists entirely of the blacksmith's anvil, was fired several times last week in honor of the grand inauguration, but owing to a scarcity of powder, failed to make the requisite amount of noise. BELLE.

A Romance.

Rochester, Minnesota, has a romance. The story is that a young Bostonian, named Charlton Stanton, went to Minnesota for his health in 1870, and at Rochester met, loved and became engaged to Mary Phillips, a worthy girl. Unfortunately, however, Stanton was thrown from a sleigh, a few months after, and fatally hurt by the discharge of a revolver in his pocket. His mother, then visiting at Chicago, reached him in season to see him die, and then returned to Boston. The poor girl heard no more till last summer, when she received a letter from Mrs. Stanton saying that her dying boy made her promise that \$5,000, half of his estate, should be given to Miss Phillips; the mother had postponed the fulfillment of her promise, but was not content; her only remaining son had just died, and she assured the girl that she should soon have her money. Months passed, till about Thanksgiving time, another letter from Mrs. Stanton begged the girl to come to Boston, for she was ill. Miss Phillips went and was taken to a luxurious home, not too soon, however, for Mrs. Stanton died that night. But she appears not to have forgotten her pledge, for within a few days Miss Phillips has received, at her home, \$5,000 the amount due from her lover's estate, with the news that Mrs. Stanton had willed her \$55,000.

The Eloping Couple.

The eloping couple in this instance were overtaken by the girl's father at Casey Station, Tenn. He pulled her out of her lover's wagon, put her in front of himself on a mule's back, and started for home. The lover gave chase, but his wagon broke down. Did his presence of mind desert him in that emergency? No. He shouted, "Sally, if you love me, slide off!" She wriggled out of her parent's grip, and slid off the smooth back of the mule. Before the parent could get her remounted, the lover came up afoot, and in a hand-to-hand encounter, triumphed over the old man. Then the young ones mounted the mule and fled.

The Use of Chloroform in Dentistry.

It is said, by the Medical Record, to be always dangerous. "No Surgeon," says the writer, "cares to assume the responsibility of giving chloroform unless he knows that the stomach of the patient is empty, that the circulatory apparatus is in good condition, and the lungs free from disease. A previous inquiry into these conditions is as much a part of the administration of any anesthetic as is the placing of the napkin to the nose."

A Minnesota Seducer.

A Minnesota seducer was tarred and feathered by an enraged body of women last week.

A Politician's Advice Not Worth Much.

A recent writer in a political paper expatiating on the late disaster in a church, charges that the cause of the accident was the imprudence or wickedness of the preacher in alluding to a locality not to be named to ears polite; and takes occasion to read the clergy a lecture setting forth the topics they may discuss, and those they must avoid.

This comes with singular grace from such a source. Politicians have managed their own department with such singular skill and remarkable purity that it is not strange that they should wish to lend their aid in reforming theology, and codifying "Rules for preaching." Nor is it strange either that a practical and partisan politician should have a delicately nervous horror of contemplating even "what the Scripture teach" about the place in question. Viewed in this light the *Decanus Aeterni* seems pretty decisively from certain stand-points.

When a youth the writer was thrown in company with a prominent lawyer and politician of Stanford, who electrified and astounded his fellow passengers in the stage coach by an eloquent and impassioned denunciation of the clergy in all its phases. We knew the man, and quietly asked, "Mr. S. did you ever hear a sermon?" He has not answered yet.

Grange Secrets.

The secrets of the Grangers are gradually being unfolded. We detected one on yesterday that it is fair the public should know, and this was the mode in which the juni male members salute the female officers of the order. Passing by the Grange Store on Cheapside, we saw the clerk of that establishment salute a lady in a carriage passing by. She was doubtless Ceres or Flora or Cleopatra or some other dignitary, for he proceeded to pay his respects by lifting his hat from behind, and shooting out his long neck like a duck praying for rain, and then replacing his beaver with a jerk and elevating both hands in the most graceful attitude. This is doubtless the prescribed mode of salutation and recognition and our sub-intends to try it on the very first opportunity. —[Lex. Gazette.]

A Pleased Medical Student.

A young student of a medical college in this recently purchased a corpse to the end that he might secure a skeleton. After cutting off the flesh, he put the bones in a sack and took them to his room to boil, clean and scrape. He had got a portion of them completed, and then put the leg bones in the pot to boil. A couple of wags, who knew what was going on, got two leg bones of a sheep, and while one of them took the youthful Eccehuppi out to get a glass of lager, the other put the sheep bones in the pot with the human bones and then left. A day or two afterwards, when the student took the bones out to scrape, he was astonished, but could not account for the extra ones. However, he cleaned them all up, and for the last two weeks has been trying to find out where they fit on the human leg bones. —[St. Louis Globe Democrat.]

A woman in a French village who was quite ill and confined to bed, one evening in her husband's absence, was shocked by the sudden appearance of a masked burglar at her bedside. He demanded her money, and threatened to kill her if she cried out. She said, "You see I am unable to move, I am so ill; but the money is in the cellar. In the cellar floor you will find a movable stone, raise it, and underneath is a bag of money." The robber descended into the cellar without hesitation, while she, springing from her bed, shut the bolt of the door and gave an alarm. The neighbors rushed in, and the man was secured.

The Poughkeepsie Eagle says: "In the panels of a monitor-top smoking-car which passed south on the 8:35 a. m. train yesterday, were handsome plates of blue glass. Conductor Caldwell said that he left Troy in that car feeling very bad with neuralgia, but at Hudson it had changed to rheumatism, at Rhinecliff a typhoid wave hit him, at Poughkeepsie he had an attack of ham and eggs, and at Fishkill he was in full health and as happy as a crow on a floating cake of ice with a mess of white perch in front of him." He believes in the efficacy of "blue glass."

"What would you do if mamma should die?" the pathetically asked of her little three-year old daughter. "I don't know," remarked the infant, with down cast eyes and a melancholy voice, "I thope I should have to thapuk mythelf!" —[Graphic.]

The Biggest Moth in Creation.—A Mammoth.

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Office below the P. O.
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Having received his Mechanical Apparatus, is now prepared to do work in every branch of his business. ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted in the most approved style. 156-177

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Will remain permanently at his office (until further notice) to attend to those requiring his professional services. Particular attention paid to the preservation and regulation of the natural teeth. Persons from a distance requiring full or partial sets of teeth, can have them inserted in a few hours notice, in the latest and most beautiful style of the art.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required. All communications promptly attended to. 161-60

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H. T. BUSI,
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Will attend sales in Lincoln and adjoining counties. His charges are moderate. 201

J. M. HIGGINS,
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Will attend all public sales, and charge reasonable prices. 201

BEATTY PIANO!
Grand Square and Upright.
DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BEATTY PARLOR ORGANS.
Established in 1836.
Believing it to be BY FAR the best Parlor and Oriental Organ manufactured, we challenge any manufacturer to equal them. The celebrated Tilden Young People's Organ is in connection with the Parlor Organ, and is a grand success, and powerful tones. Superior cases of new and elegant designs. Ministers, churches, teachers, schools, lodges, etc., should send for price lists and discount. Send for them at once. Organ warranted for six years. This instrument. It has improvements found in no other. Correspondence solicited. Best offer ever given. Money refunded upon return of organ and freight charges paid by me (Daniel F. Beatty) both ways if unsatisfactory, after a test trial of five days. Organ warranted for six years. Agents wanted. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Stanford Female College,
STANFORD, KY.
WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS—this Institution will open its

SEVENTH SESSION
—ON THE—
2nd Monday in September, next.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A
THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE
are taught, as well as

MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES
DRAWING & PAINTING.
TERMS MODERATE.
For full particulars address
Mrs. Bessie C. Truheart,
Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

NOTES.

R. P. GRISHAM
Has again opened at his old stand, at Rockcastle River—Rooms all newly furnished.
GOOD STABLES & ACCOMMODATIONS FOR DROVERS,
and is well prepared to entertain all his old customers and acquaintances, as well as the traveling public generally, and invites a liberal portion of the patronage in his line. 196-17

G. GEORGE SAMBROOK,
Has renovated and refurnished the
LIVINGSTON HOTEL,
at Livingston Station; has good Stables and Accommodations for Drovers

Plenty of good haled Hay, and Corn, always on hand. Good water running through Stock lot. Drovers stopping at this stand avoid the risk of stopping at other places. The stock is well cared for, and the traveling public are well served. Apply to J. M. PRUITT, 200-17

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!
Stanford, Kentucky.
I offer for sale my Farm, one mile from Hustonville, containing 100 Acres of good land, in a high state of cultivation, and on an abundance of water, 50 to 60 feet in depth, and the balance in corn. If sold by the 15th of March, will rent. The House, nearly new, contains 10 rooms; a good barn and 20 head of stock. For particulars, apply to J. M. PRUITT, 200-17

R. CARSON, - Prop'r.
I have rented the above well-known Hotel, which is conveniently located, and on prepared to entertain the public in the best style at moderate prices. An excellent table, well supplied, are attached to the Hotel. Baggage checked to and from the Depot free of charge. 201-17

THE MYERS HOUSE,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY,
James B. Owens,
PROPRIETOR.
Fare and Accommodations, all that a Traveler Could Wish.
Baggage Checked to and from Depot Free of Charge. 203-17

THE LOUISVILLE HOTEL,
LOUISVILLE, KY.,
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FIRST-CLASS in all its Appointments.
Fare \$3. to \$3.50 according to location of rooms.
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MRS. M. E. DAVIES.
MILLINER & MANTUA-MAKER
NEAR DEPOT, STANFORD, KY.
Having just returned from the city, is now receiving an

Elegant and Carefully Selected Stock
—OF—
Fall and Winter Millinery

Ladies' Fancy Goods,
all of the most Fashionable Styles, and of a quality to meet the wants of the community. No additional profit will be charged to cover RAILROADS, as SHE NEVER MAKES THEM. She is daily grateful for past favors, and solicits from all an early call.
THE MANTUA - MAKING DEPARTMENT will be conducted by MRS. MYERS and MRS. DUDDELL, whose taste and skill is well-known to the trade.

BEATTY'S Celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor ORGANS.
FACTORY ESTABLISHED 1836.
FROM THE PRESS.
From G. D. White, Editor Hackettstown, N. J., Herk Co., N. Y.: "The organ has a rich, deep and soul-stirring tone; it is well adapted for the church, and helps wonderfully to drive away the thoughts of a hard time."
The Lebanon, Pa., Daily News says: "We are in receipt of one of those beautiful Parlor Organs, manufactured by Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. This organ is fine, solid, well-waited case, and is built in a most superior way, and is well adapted for the church, and helps wonderfully to drive away the thoughts of a hard time."
From the Lowell, Noh., Register. "We received this week, direct from the manufacturer, Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J., a beautiful Parlor Organ, elegant in appearance, and handsomely furnished, unexcelled in richness and power of tone. We were more than pleased with it, and heartily recommend it to any one contemplating purchasing an organ."
Best offer ever given. Money refunded upon return of organ, and freight charges paid by me (Daniel F. Beatty) both ways if unsatisfactory, after a test trial of five days. Organ warranted for six years. Agents wanted everywhere. Write or send for circular for this superior instrument. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

NOTICE.
J. H. STAGG,
having purchased of Mr. E. A. Terhune, his
Entire Undertaking Stock,
—HIS SON—
Thomas Stagg,
Will conduct the business, at the old stand, on Depot street, in Stanford, Ky., and as his Agent in all matters pertaining thereto. The public patronage is solicited. It will be to the interest of all to give him a call and make your purchases of Undertaking Stock.

HE CAN'T BE UNDESOLE.
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FOR SALE IN LINCOLN CO.

I offer for private sale 50 Acres of good land, well improved, and situated in Lincoln Co., on the line leading from Stanford to Hustonville, 4 miles from the former place. I will sell all or divide it in suit purchasers, as there are two good improvements on the farm. The place is very desirable. I am in earnest about selling. D. E. STEPHENS, Stanford, Ky. 201-17

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We have established our mill at Highland, and are ready to fill orders for lumber promptly. With good timber and good mill we can furnish the best. Orders wanted. MARN & YOUNG, 257-100

FOR SALE!

I offer for sale my Farm, one mile from Hustonville, containing 100 Acres of good land, in a high state of cultivation, and on an abundance of water, 50 to 60 feet in depth, and the balance in corn. If sold by the 15th of March, will rent. The House, nearly new, contains 10 rooms; a good barn and 20 head of stock. For particulars, apply to J. M. PRUITT, 200-17

FOR SALE OR RENT.

Key, the Democrat who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, and was made the Nominal Postmaster General of the United States, has written a letter to Senator Merrimon in relation to the distribution of offices among Southern Democrats. He informs him, with the brazen effrontery of an old stage, instead of a Radical of nineteen days training, that whenever "it is impossible to find a Republican who will be satisfactory to a large majority of the people, whose business is directly affected by the appointment," then he will condescend to look along the Democratic ranks for a fit appointee. The Southern Democrats who were "pacified" by Key's appointment, thinking that it would work gain for the Southern people, will now see what a farce was practiced on them. The appointment of Key will benefit Key, and Key alone. Yet it was a "pacifying" measure.

HAYES is laboring under the impression that as a "pacifier" he is achieving the most wonderful success. First he attempts to honey-faggle the South by dishonoring one of her Democrats with a Cabinet position; then Morton's services had to be recognized, so Thompson, who did not know a canoe from a gun boat went in as Secretary of War, each other appointment was made by some such motive, and finally the man and brother comes in for a share of the "civil service reform" and a negro, Fred Douglass, is made Marshal of the District of Columbia, with a salary of \$10,000. This latter appointment is not giving satisfaction in any quarter, as the negroes know him only as the president of the Freedman's Bank swindle, and the white Radicals wanted the office themselves. It is to be hoped that Douglass will be an improvement on brother-in-law Sharpe.

The Legislature of Virginia, having passed an act incorporating an association of the Jennings estate claimants, the *Courier-Journal* indulges in the following friendly remarks. It is evident that the C. J. don't bank much on the prospective fortune.

"The claimants of antique and venerable estates in England which, together with the sacred interest, is said to amount now to quite a number of pounds sterling, and to which every body in this country of the name of Jennings, of whom there are several of which, is an heir, either apparent or presumptive, or something of that sort. And now, having passed that wise and judicious act of incorporation, let the General Assembly of Virginia pass a kindred act, an act to incorporate a joint stock company for building a broad-gauge air-line railroad from Kantoctuck to Chiricahua, via Tweedledum and Tinseltown, to be paid for out of the Jennings estate when it shall have been delivered to the American heirs, and then adjourn to meet no more in this unfriendly world."

The *Courier-Journal* remarks that it failed to receive the last issue of this paper. It was no fault of ours. We never intend, until forced to make a final suspension, to allow the paper to be behind on any occasion. So, until that final suspension is announced, you may be just as sure that each Friday morning will find an *INTERIOR JOURNAL* on hand as that the sun will rise on that day. We have the greatest confidence in the reliability of our mailing clerk. In fact, we know that he never neglects his duty, and we might write all day in his praise but modesty and a knowledge that "self-praise is scandalous" remind us to forbear. The postmasters and mail agents are the guilty parties, and it they don't do better our esteemed friend and Democratic martyr, the Hon. D. M. Key, will hear from us.

HAYES, knowing that Packard has as much right to be Governor of Louisiana as he has to be President, continues to hesitate to declare him a usurper. Packard, however, is getting restless, and hopes, by bringing on a collision between his own base followers and the honest supporters of Nichols, to create sympathy at the North in his favor, and cause the "pacifier" Hayes to recognize him. In the meantime, U. S. Troops are kept to assist the bogus governments, and the South is ignored as an "integral part of the nation."

The Kentucky State Medical Society will meet in Louisville on the 3rd of April. This is its 22nd Annual meeting, and a fuller and more interesting meeting than ever is expected. The visiting doctors will be guests of the fraternity while in Louisville, and will be tendered an entertainment each night.

DON CAMERON has been elected to fill the unexpired term of his father as Senator from Pennsylvania. Meantime, old Simon finds time to file his plea in the Treasury woman's breach of promise suit against him. He says he never promised as alleged, and Mrs. Mary Oliver is now madder than a wet hen.

COUGH, Hoarseness, Asthma, or any Irritation of the Throat or Bronchial Tubes, will be relieved by taking Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It has cured thousands. Recommend it to your friend and neighbor. Your druggist keeps it. Price, 25 cents.

LATEST NEWS.—The Cabinet has decided to oppress the South yet a longer while with bayonets. Hayes has gone back on his fine promises but wants it understood that he is not going to reverse his policy entirely. A commission composed of Vice President Wheeler, Chas. Foster, E. R. Hoar, Ex-Gov. Brown, of Tennessee; Hon. Kenneth Rayner, of N. C., and Senator Davis, of Ill., are to be sent to Louisiana to investigate i. e. if they accept, and the probability is that most of them will not.....Congress will convene on the 4th of June..... Wells and Anderson have returned to New Orleans from Washington, and no one assassinated them. This is a pity.....Packard is not putting on such a warlike front as a few days since. He is sure now that Hayes will recognize him.....A thief in Indianapolis snatched \$25,000 from the Cashier's desk of the Indiana National Bank, and made way with it, in full sight of the Bank employees. He has not yet been caught.

A LAWYER named Hayes, of San Francisco, went to the office of Gen'l McComb, Managing Editor of the *Atlas*, and demanded a retraction of an article published in it in reference to himself. He flourished his little pistol around lively, and threatened to use it right then and there if the editor did not promise to eat his words. He not only did not eat or promise to eat, but knocked Hayes down, gave him a severe beating; took away his pistol and marched him to the Station House, where he entered a charge, of assault with deadly weapons against him. We have always advised people to let these editors alone. They are "bad medicine" when you get them started.

PADMAN, of the *Courier-Journal*, had to give way with his spicy "Small Talk" last Tuesday to a member of the Polytechnic Society, who discussed astronomy in general, and the passage of mercurial planets across the sun's face, in particular. Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow they have passed, are passing and will pass, but we had rather have a "passage" at the "Small Talk" than hear of all the spots that ever were or ever will be on the sun.

A PHILANTHROPIST of Hoboken, N. Y., Mr. J. L. Lewis, recently died, leaving a will, making the United States Government his heir to a million of dollars. This was to go toward paying the National debt, but a man, who claims that his wife is a niece of the testator, has begun a suit to contest the validity of the will. In the meantime the National debt continues to grow with a prospect of a long time before it will be liquidated.

The Lebanon *Standard* has added to its columns a Taylor county Department. This new and pleasing feature will add much to the interest of that sterling paper, for it is edited by Mr. J. H. Chandler, whom we have long considered one of the best correspondents in the State. Friend Hopper knows what is "his" and the people of Taylor county ought to appreciate handsomely, his enterprise.

SOME one enquires "what has become of Will S. Hayes, of the *Courier-Journal*?" Haven't seen his marks on the log, recently. Gone to Washington to see Uncle Ruby? No, he is said to be negotiating for a partnership to bring Eliza Pinkston out in a lecturing tour, subject—"Injured Innocence, or Virtue under a Cloud." The speculation promises to be popular and remunerative.

JOE GOSS, one of the principals in the prize fight in this State last year, was captured in New York and returned to Burlington, Boone county, for trial. He pleaded guilty, and received the lowest sentence of the law, a fine of \$250. Not having the funds, he now practices his manly vocation in the walls of the jail, with an old straw bolster for an imaginary contestant.

The suits against Donn Piatt, for alleged seditious articles published in his paper, the *Washington Capital*, before the inauguration of Hayes, are to be dismissed, and the time honored freedom of the press vindicated. Meanwhile, Father Taft, the main instigator of the suits, failing to get the Ohio Senatorship, slowly sinks into oblivion.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, on being asked to publish the game laws of Ohio and Kentucky, excuses itself by saying, "Life is too short," and adds—"You can shoot any thing but a horse in Kentucky and a negro in Ohio." This is a plain and short statement of the case, and is just about true.

A PUBLIC reception was tendered by his admiring constituents to the Hon. Henry Watterson, at Louisville, last night. The citizens of Louisville are proud, and justly so, of their distinguished representative and are showing their appreciation of his valuable services in this flattering manner.

A DEMOCRAT has been appointed Postmaster at Petersburg, Va., notwithstanding the protests of the Radical representative in Congress. He was recommended for the position by Senator Withers, and a Democratic representative.

THE Democrats in the next House of Representatives will have a majority of 7 at least and probably 9. Enough for all practicable purposes.

THE Louisville *Commercial* has been adding some splendid improvements to its office, in the way of presses, &c. The paper comes now out ready for reading. It is a good paper, with one exception, and its ability to make improvements shows that it is appreciated.

THE trial of Norcraft for the killing of Thos. C. Chandler, is progressing at Lebanon, before special Judge M. H. Owsley. From B. M. Burdett, Esq., who came from there last evening, we learn that the examination of witnesses would not be concluded before to-day.

THE Kentucky Conference just closed at Lexington made the following appointments for this vicinity: Danville, J. G. Bruce; Danville Circuit, J. S. Linney; Somerset, D. Slaven; Mt. Vernon, J. N. Thompson; Harrodsburg, P. T. Willis; Highland, J. M. Cook.

AFTER twenty years in which to reflect and repent over his crime, Jno. D. Lee, the leader of the Mountain Meadow massacre, will be shot in Utah, to-day. He has made a confession of his connection with the affair.

HAYES is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, but he snubs Parson Newman, and goes to another Church. Newman is not likely to be recognized to the extent that he was under the Grant dynasty.

A WOMAN in Virginia, recently, gave birth to five little brats at one time. All of them are boys, and mother and party are doing well. 'Twouldn't take that woman long to stock an Orphan Asylum.

STANLEY MATHEWS succeeds John Sherman as Senator from Ohio. He has the distinguished honor of being brother-in-law to his Fraudulency, and his acknowledged mouth-piece on all important occasions.

BEN. MICKY, the La Grange murderer, was sentenced at Shelbyville yesterday, to imprisonment for life. A murderer gets his dues for one time, at least.

A MEDICAL College in Pennsylvania has just graduated 15 women in Medicine. Dr. Mary Walker had better look to her laurels.

AN independent editor is said to be one, who will crowd out new advertisements to make room for a fresh piece of vernal poetry.

GARRARD COUNTY NEWS.

Lancaster.

March 22, 1877.

Our legal gentleman, recently returned from Frankfort, report unfinished business, which will necessitate another trip. Domestic affliction in the families of some of the officials caused the delay.

Quarterly Court here on Monday last.

During the past week the Court-house was a scene of great interest, which culminated on Saturday afternoon in an extraordinary though not unexpected climax. The application of Mr. G. C. Kennedy for bail, accompanied by his strong aversion to return to prison, was the signal for vigorous but quiet movements upon the part of his friends for his rescue in the event of disappointment. The case was argued in an animated manner by Messrs. Bradley, Denny and Harding; and Judge Duncan pronounced sentence against the prisoner. Attended by the Sheriff and a guard of twelve or fifteen young men, Mr. Kennedy started down the Stanford street en route for the jail. When opposite the door of the hotel heretofore known as the McKee, Miller, or Higgins House, the wife of the prisoner ran out and appealed for permission to exchange greetings with her husband. Thrown somewhat off watch by sympathy, the escort paused, when, with a dextrous movement, the prisoner threw his wife between himself and the guns, and darted into the hotel. A graphic picture might be drawn of the next ten minutes' work, but we forbear. Shots were fired both from and into the hotel, but the search that was made proved fruitless. We have heard the names of Messrs. Sam Peacock, Elijah Anderson, Singleton, and perhaps others constituting the guard, mentioned with outspoken commendation for prompt and courageous action. Lancaster is foremost in sensations if not in the hearts of her countrymen.

On Tuesday morning at the appalling hour of 6 o'clock, Miss Nannie Baughman, of Boyle, was united in marriage to Mr. Oscar Sweeney, of this place. The impending trip to Cincinnati necessitated an early start. The Executor S. S. Case thus loses or gains a member, as the result will show.

We welcomed the bright face of Quito among the visitors of the week. Mr. Geo. Bruce, of Lebanon, is also with us.

On the evening of the 15th inst., Lillie Burnside, aged 13 years. At a called meeting of the Kappa Society of Franklin Institute, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted, that

WHEREAS, it hath pleased the Almighty Father to remove from our midst our beloved companion, Lillie D. Burnside, be it

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn the loss of one whose amiable qualities, respectful deportment and dutiful attention to her tasks, scholastic and literary, endeared her to her teachers and pupils.

2. That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family, and unite in our conviction that she has gone to sit at the feet of the Great Teacher, where all tasks are easy, and all errors are made perfect.

The Trustees held their usual meeting on Thursday night.

Elder J. L. Allen delivered a remarkably fine discourse upon the doctrine of predestination and election, elucidating the knotty points of free agency and God's decrees, in a masterly manner.

A capricious horse threw a school-girl on Richmond Street, and pursued his native way back to his stable. Another capricious horse became frightened at the train and ran away with a buggy. No damage done in either case.

Blue Glass doors and windows are fast coming in.

A rabbit perambulated the public square with a cat in the strange gyrity air one afternoon, thereby causing immense riot.

Prof. Rock's specimens of elocution on Monday night, in the humorous line, were very fine. The much-rendered "Raven" was more expressive than is usually given.

"We, the Board of Society of Franklin Institute, have met to express our sincere sorrow at the loss of our little companion, Lillie Burnside, whom death called from our number on the 15th inst. Our young friend was noted for her sprightly intellect and affectionate disposition, and we sadly miss her bright face from our Society."

The winter's gloom had passed away, And left no trace of storm or flood, But Spring with a billowing robe came on, And stilled our young rose in the bud."

The Knights of Constantine will hold a convocate at the Lancaster Lodge on Thursday night.

The last JOURNAL contains an exquisite allegory, "December and June," from the pen of Mrs. Bella Wilson Stapp.

The ladies of the Christian church will give a Pious Party at the Court-house on Thursday evening, March 22nd. CLIO.

HARRISON COUNTY NEWS.

Kirksville.

March 20th.

The Spring Term of the Madison Circuit Court opened on Monday last, Judge Hunt, presiding.

Our citizens have not all learned yet, "to curb with tightening rein the mettled steeds of passion," as two affrays have occurred in this county since my last report. One between Billy Patterson and a man named Hill, near Stringtown, in which both were seriously wounded. The other occurred in the vicinity of Kingston, in which a man named Mapin, killed a tenant of his—name forgotten.

Mr. Humphrey T. Jones, Sr., an enterprising merchant and citizen of this place, left on Monday last, for New York City, to purchase his Spring stock of goods.

The weather is delightful just now, reminding us that peas and potatoes ought to be planted.

Mr. George Shearer is the subject of a severe attack of Scarletina, the first case we have had in this vicinity. Mrs. Mary and Miss Lean Simmons, have both been quite ill, but are recovering.

Born to the wife of Mr. Sam Sexton, a son, on Sunday, 18th inst.

Occasional.

HOME AFFAIRS.

Serenade & Duddler.

New prints again this week.

We have received our third lot of those substantial zinc trunks, which we sell as low as they can be bought in the city or any where else.

New Dress Goods in desirable styles and colors this week.

Silk and Cotton Star Braid in different widths and prices.

We have the most elegant stock of Pear Shirt and Dress buttons ever seen in this market.

We sell cloth faced paper collars at 25cts a bucket full.

"Fit like a Stocking" is what the ladies say of our shoes.

Every thing in the way of Brown Cottons, Bleached Cottons, Pillow Case Cottons, 10x4 Sheetings, Tickings, &c., &c. Bleached Table Linen, Turkey Red Table Linen, Towels, Crash Irish Linen, &c., can be found at our house.

A nice hat is the most essential thing to a well dressed man or boy. We keep that kind. If you fail to be suited with our stock it is no use to look elsewhere.

MONEY.—An opportunity is now presented you to get rid of your surplus money whether it is in gold, silver, or greenbacks. No difference, we will take either, and give you a more first-class goods for less of it, than any other house in the country. We ask you not to spend your money until you see our goods and learn prices.

Just received, six dozen Corsets.

We keep every thing in the Notion line, made under the sun, and have too, all the Novelties in Lace Bibbs, Collars, Cuffs Neckties, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Ruchings, and a thousand other things, and at prices to suit the times.

We have the best Bregm and Plov Shoe in the market.

We have the Java and Honey Comb Canvas in single and double width for Mats, &c., &c.

In order to close out our Clothing, we are offering it at prices that "will sell them."

We keep Cotton Yarns and Carpet Warp from the Frankfort Mills.

We buy "New Patterns." Don't bring your old ones—"we can tell them."

We will buy clean cotton and linen rags.

In stock—a choice assortment of Table Cutlery.

Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, just received from New York.

Crochet Needles, Mottos, Book Marks, and Zephyr, are the order of the day. Come and supply yourself.

Housewives will find a good assortment of Glass and Queensware, at our house.

We guarantee our Kid and Peltie Goat Shoes to give satisfaction, both in the wear and fit.

We have a cheap counter, on which you will find from time to time, decided bargains.

A nice Linen Collar and pair of Cuffs, with Embroidered corners, in a neat box, 50 cents.

Study the comfort of your wife, and buy her a nice Black Willow Basket. She will need it when she takes the baby with her.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROKEN
Life Insurance Companies

To the Policy-holders of the St. Louis Mutual, Continental, Security and New Jersey Mutual:

The time for proving your claims against the above companies is limited, and unless you attend to them forthwith, you will be delayed. They should be attended to at once. The undersigned are prepared to attend to and expedite their collection, and have special facilities for so doing. All such claims referred to them will be promptly attended to, as well as the interests of those holding policies in companies that have suspended business in this State. Call at once or address by letter, **BARNES & BROS. DING**, Attorneys at Law, Southwest corner Center and Green streets, 250-48.

CANDIDATES.

We are requested to announce Hon. L. D. GORDON a Candidate to represent the County of Lincoln in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention.

We are authorized to announce J. H. BRUCE, a candidate to represent the counties of Casey, Boyle, Lincoln and Lincoln, in the next Senate of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Hon. R. W. McFERRAN, of Boyle, a candidate for the State Senate, at the next August election, from the District, composed of the counties of Casey, Garrard, Lincoln, and Boyle, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEATTY PIANO!

Grand Square and Upright,
Daniel F. Beatty,
Washington, New Jersey, U.S.A.

J. M. KIRKLEY & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FLOUR, MEATS, No. 31 Vine Street,
BACON, LARD, CINCINNATI
MESS PORK, 273-47
GRAIN, &c.

PUBLIC SPEAKING!

R. W. McFERRAN

Candidate for State Senator in the 18th Kentucky District, will address the people at the following times and places:

Perryville, Boyle	"	Saturday,	"	21
Liberty, Casey	"	Monday,	"	23
Waverly, Boone	"	Wednesday,	"	25
Shelby City, Boyle	"	Thursday,	"	26
Buckeye, Garrard	"	Friday,	"	27
Lancaster, Lincoln	"	Saturday,	"	28
Stanford, Lincoln	"	Monday,	"	April 2

Speaking to commence at 2 P. M., each day. Gentl. P. Wolford and Col. J. H. Bruce are cordially invited to attend.

\$50.00 REWARD!

Stolen from me, at Stanford, on Sunday night, January 21,

A LIGHT BAY HORSE,

about five years old, fifteen hands high, three white feet and a ship on his nose, was in good order, and goes all the year, and is a good harness horse. Had a small new saddle on when taken. I will give \$25 for information leading to his recovery and \$25 for the thief. Address, **REUBEN WILLIAMS**, Stanford, Ky.

STANFORD & SOMERSET



STAGE LINE.

Until further notice, there will be only one coach run on this line, leaving Somerset on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, returning from Stanford on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Some arrangements will be made to carry passengers to and from other places on odd days.

250-48

R. F. CAMDEN.

A
NEW DEPARTURE

The undersigned now has full control of the

PHOTOGRAPH CAR

and will continue the business of "Shadow Catching" in all its branches, at the old stand, and, with renewed energy and a new and

Lower Tariff of Prices,

feels confident that he can give satisfaction to all who favor him with a trial. Remember the CAR, NEXT TO THE POST OFFICE is the place to get the Best Pictures for the least money.

O. H. WILLIAMS,
PROPRIETOR.

Partnership Dissolution!

The public will take notice that the partnership between S. C. Williams and O. H. Williams in the photograph business has been dissolved by mutual consent.

N E W

PHOTOGRAPH

GALLERY!

I have opened a Gallery in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Packard, where I have determined to locate. I am now ready for business, and shall be thankful for a share of the public patronage.

S. C. WILLIAMS.

March 15, 1877.

The firm of S. C. & O. H. Williams is this day dissolved.

ROBERT S. LYTLE AND ANDREW G. WHITLEY

WITH

JOHN H. CRAIG.

VAN ARSDALE BUILDING,

MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.,

DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS

AND MILLINERY GOODS.

J. W. McALISTER, Special Partner.

Miss Lucy Butterfield, of Louisville, will return early in the Spring with a large and elegant Stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods.

Miss Belle Hughes, of Danville, has charge of our Dress-Making Department, in which the Ladies will always find the Novelties in Fashion.

In the Future as in the past, we will keep the best assorted Stock of Goods in Central Kentucky, which will be sold at THE LOWEST CASH PRICES. As we purchase Goods from first hands & in large quantities, we propose to give our customers the benefits.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

N. B. TEVIS

IS NOW RECEIVING THE

LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF GOODS

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET—CONSISTING OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, BOOTS, SHOES &c.

GENTS' WHITE SHIRTS A SPECIALTY.

Hosiery, Supenders, Gloves, Underwear, Scarfs,

Neck Ties, Handkerchiefs, Linen and Paper Collars &c.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes,

Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags &c.

He Invites Especial Attention to his Stock of Ladies' Gents' and Misses'

Custom Made Boots and Shoes.

All Goods direct from manufacturers, and

sold at bottom prices for Cash.

N. B. Tevis' "Cash Clothing House,"

NORTH SIDE MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.

Every body has heard of Madame d'Outremont's Institute for Young Ladies. In good, old-fashioned times, it would have been called a boarding-school for girls; but we are a long way past such simple language now. No debutante can be brought out in this enlightened age, who has not graduated in an Academy, or Institute, or other high sounding establishment. And of such establishments, Madame d'Outremont's was confessedly one of the most fashionable; in fact, it was known, north and south, east and west, as the very pink of perfection, in its way.

Every season, Madame had three or four evening receptions, at which her older pupils appeared, in order that they might learn, by example, how to enter a room, how to curtsy, how to talk to gentlemen, and how to flirt a fan. At these receptions, there was music, some times chorales, generally dancing. The male guests consisted, almost entirely, of relatives of the hostess, or those of the pupils. A few middle-aged beaux, in addition, were allowed to appear; there were in the habit of flirting with Madame, and were considered, therefore, "entirely safe."

It was the last reception of the winter term, and the most brilliant. Easter was close at hand, when the school would break up for a holiday; and Easter fell, this year, very early—in fact, in the last week in March. Many of the girls were to leave permanently, and on their account the festivities had been made very gay. The dancing had been kept up to a very late hour, and the whole affair had been proved a great success.

In one of the sleeping-rooms, late that night, four girls were assembled; and as they were too excited to sleep, they naturally fell to discussing the reception.

"Did you notice," said one, "how that old beau, Bentley, hung about Kitty Stevens? He is Madame's prime favorite, and his defection made her furious; she looked as if she could have eaten him, and Kitty, too, for that matter."

"What an absurd fossil it is!" laughed another. "I do believe he wears stays. He dyes his hair and whisks for certain; has false teeth, and uses plumpers." "He's fifty, if he's a day."

"Well, it shows good taste, at any rate," said a third. "We must all admit that Kitty's the beauty of the school. Dear me, most of us would have no chance if it wasn't that she's quite out of the market; for she's to marry her second cousin soon after she graduates. They've been engaged for two years or more."

"Yet I believe old Bentley," said another, "thinks he has made an impression on her. Did you notice his self-complacent air, when she allowed him to take her out to supper? He plainly thought she was struck with his appearance and manner, when the fact was, I suspect, that, as her cousin was absent, she preferred him just because he was old. She isn't a bit of a flirt, as some of us are, girls; and she didn't want people to talk. Still, as she is so good-hearted, she couldn't help making herself agreeable; and the old goose fancied, if his simpering didn't belie him, that she was in love with him."

"Oh! he could not be such a dunce," answered the one who had first spoken. "Fancy a man of his age, thinking a girl of nineteen, and such a one, in love with him!"

"But Madame makes such a fuss with him. And of all fools, an old fool's the worst. Really, he's as vain as a peacock."

"I tell you what, girls; let's have some fun out of him. A bright idea has just struck me."

"What is it? What is it?" cried the other voices, in chorus.

"We'll send him a note, pretending to come from Kitty, appointing a rendezvous early in the morning. I'll write it. I saw the old villain squeezing her hand. She blushed furiously, and jerked it away. I'll make her apologize for that, and that will quite take him in. Trust me for knowing how to gull this old puffer pigeon."

The other girls clapped their hands, and entered heartily into the plot; for the speaker, Florry Vaughan, was known to be the most mischievous in school. She was bright, too; and of her success, therefore, the others had little doubt. The unauthorized use of Kitty's name, which, if they had been older, each and all would have instantly condemned, did not trouble them in the least. Were they not school-girls? Wasn't the whole thing "great fun," as they phrased it to each other?

The next day Florry produced the letter she had written, and read it, in secret conclave, to her three fellow-conspirators. It ran as follows: "Dear Mr. Bentley—I am afraid I was rude to you last evening, when I jerked away my hand. But so many people were looking on, that I was frightened. You will forgive me, won't you, now that I tell you this? I am going

away day after tomorrow, and perhaps I shall not see you again; but I should like to hear, from your own lips, that you are not angry with me. I want, too, that you should finish that charming conversation you began, and which the dancing interrupted. I do so love to hear intelligent persons talk. I sometimes take a walk, before breakfast. I start about six o'clock, so as to get back by seven, and go in, with the rest, to prayers. If you were to pass the door exactly at six, to-morrow morning, perhaps we might accidentally meet. I hope there is no harm in this, is there? Could you go by this afternoon, about five, wearing a spray of lilies-of-the-valley in your coat, so as to let me know you have received this note? It would not do for you to write back; the letter might be intercepted. Madame is such an old ogre, always on the lookout. I will be peeping from the window. Do come. Yours, ever, KITTY."

"Isn't it rather strong?" said one of the fair hearers. "Don't you think he'll see that it's a trap?"

"Not a bit of it," answered Florry. "He'll bite the bait, as brother Fred says, like a pickerel. Watch at five, and see if he doesn't."

The note was despatched, and the four girls, at five o'clock, hidden behind the green jealousies of the parlor, watched for their prey. They did not have to wait long. Precisely at the hour, the ancient beau went by, stunnily got up in a black frock-coat, with lavender-colored trousers, patent leather boots, a hat evidently bought that very day, lavender gloves and a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley in his button hole.

"Now we have him!" cried Florry, in exultation. "The next thing is to take all the girls into our confidence, except Kitty, and the girls who sleep in the same room with her. We'll all be up, and dressed, and at the windows; and when the old goose comes along, we'll all pop out our heads; and then—then," bursting into laughter, "I'll call to him, and say what a fine morning it is for the first of April."

Now, up to this moment, none of her three auditors had remembered that the morrow would be All-Fools Day; and when Florry thus capped the joke, as it were, they burst into laughter as madly as herself.

The plot was carried out, as Florry had proposed. More than twenty new confederates were let into the secret; and such is the sense of honor among school-girls, that no one betrayed it. But all were ready, at six o'clock the next morning, to participate in the deception. There was comparatively little sleeping that night. What with the expectation of the "great fun," what with scheming how to circumvent the teachers, most of the fair conspirators lay awake, or only slumbered fitfully. Florry was the first up. Noiselessly she marshaled her forces. Fortune, too, favored her, for the windows looking on the street belonged to the drawing-room and the school-rooms, which at that time were unoccupied.

The morning broke, clear and balmy. March was literally acting in the spirit of the old saying: it had come like a lion, it was going out like a lamb. Three rows of windows, in as many different stories of the house, were crowded with mischievous girls, who could hardly keep down their laughter till the proper moment. Hidden behind the curtains, they waited the signal, which, on the first floor was to be given by Florry, and on the second and third floors, by one of her lieutenants; these three alone being allowed, meantime, to peep out occasionally and reconnoitre. Just as the last clock struck six, and before its tone boomed on the air, the hero of the occasion was seen turning the corner, and approaching the house. He was attired in the same jaunty manner as the evening before, and in his hand he carried an enormous bouquet.

He glanced anxiously at the front door, as he came up, and stopped a moment, as if a little disappointed that Kitty was not there. But Florry did not keep him long in suspense. Half choked with laughter, she gave the signal. Instantly the curtains were drawn back, the sashes were raised, and a crowd of merry faces was thrust from the windows. The poor victim, glancing up in dismay, and hearing the mocking laughter, half recoiled; for a dim conception of what he had been made sport of began to dawn on him. In a pause between the peals of laughter, Florry, leaning out of the drawing-room window, kissed her hand, ironically, to him, and cried, in her clear, ringing voice:

"Good morning, Mr. Bentley. How early you are. But it's fine weather, isn't it, for a lover's meeting, this first of April?"

And then fresh peals of laughter, led off by Florry herself, rent the air. The victim started back; this time so suddenly, that his hat, that immaculate hat, tumbled off, and rolled into the gutter; the bouquet fell from his hands; he looked to the right and left for escape; and finally bolted down the area-steps, where he knocked over the scullery-maid, who was coming up to look for the milkman, and they both rolled to the foot of the flight of stairs.

Of course, Florry and the three other leading conspirators were expelled from the Institute; but they were not concerned at this, as they had finished

ed their education. Madame only did it, in fact, to keep up appearances; for no one was angrier than herself at the defection of her admirer. "To think," she said, confidentially, to her chief assistant and partner, "that the old fool should dare to make love, before my very eyes, to one of my scholars!"

Kitty was very indignant when she found what use had been made of her name, and was far more difficult to appease than Madame. We doubt if she has ever forgiven Florry. The proof of it is, that she did not invite that mischief-maker to her wedding, though she did ask most of her other older school-mates, and even poor Mr. Bentley.

As for that unfortunate Adonia, he is no longer seen at Madame d'Outremont's receptions, for she has erased him from her list. Worse than all the story of the note, and its consequences, somehow reached his Club, and he has been chaffed there, ever since, as THE APRIL FOOL.

A Modest Man's Awful Predicament.

The "no sleeves" mania has created quite a commotion in some circles, and is fast consolidating two parties—one for, one against. On a recent occasion, a gentleman had engaged to take a young lady, with whom he was not well acquainted, to a large ball, but mainly to oblige her brother, an intimate friend, who had suddenly been called out of the city. The gentleman was decidedly opposed to this fashion, considered it immodest, had a long debate with his own sisters upon the subject, ultimately persuading them to overrule their dressmaker and cover their arms at least to the elbows. What was his horror on calling for the sister of his friend, to find her parading before the window in a décolleté and entirely sleeveless costume! He would have retired if he could; he was not sufficiently acquainted to remonstrate; besides, the young lady, who was a large, well-formed blonde, was gotten up regularly of style, and evidently proud of her plump shoulders and large, round arms. "Are you not afraid of taking cold?" he ventured. But she only laughed—"Oh, dear! no, I never take cold." Of course there was nothing for him but to face the music. Entering the ball-room with that awfully bare arm on his coat sleeve, the first person he met was his sister. She glanced at the luxuriant proportions, then reproachfully at his face; he felt it growing crimson. The torture of that evening was, he asserts, almost insupportable to his nerves, which seemed to have been bared by that terrible arm. And now if any little Puritan comes along with ruffe to her ears and sleeves to her wrists, she will stand a mighty good chance of capturing one of the handsomest and most desirable matches in New York, notwithstanding his somewhat exaggerated delicacy in regard to ladies' arms.

Where the Sun Never Sets.

The following graphic passage is from the description of a scene witnessed by a Mr. Campbell and his party in the North of Norway, from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea: The scene stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy look-out; away in the North the huge old sun hung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves; a bridge of gold running due North spanned the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauty will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat; the colors changed to those of morning; a fresh breeze rippled over the flood; one son after another piped up in the grove behind us. We had laid into another day.

A Personal Advertisement Tragedy.

A warning story of folly and crime comes from a small interior town of Pennsylvania, where a young girl of respectable parentage—the daughter of a bank cashier—opened "correspondence with a view to matrimony" with a stranger in New England, to whom she was subsequently married, without the knowledge or consent of her parents. The married couple lived together for several years, but last week a first wife, who had been deserted with her children when the husband married his matrimonial correspondent, visited him at his home, and establishing her claims to protection, the second wife was in turn deserted. She felt disgraced by her girlish folly, and driven to despair, killed herself, thus ending, in a tragic manner, a story full of warning to those who are tempted to enter into any kind of relations with a stranger—and particularly such a solemn obligation as that of marriage. —[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Miss Cora Dickson, a young girl of 22, arrived in Paris the other day, from South America. Her life has, thus far, been a checkered one. At the age of 15, tired of the monotony of home, she ran away from her father's house with a large sum of money. She cut her hair short and donned a boy's garb. After becoming in succession a cabin boy, a clerk, and a horse dealer, she turned up in Buenos Ayres, where she entered the army—still disguised. She distinguished herself in the service, and became a colonel. Some months ago, at a meeting of officers, she quarreled with one of those present. A duel followed, and she killed her adversary. On examining the dead man's papers, she found that he had killed her oldest brother, who had left home when she was two years of age. Horror-stricken, she threw herself at the bishop's feet, who promised to intercede with her father.

The Norristown Herald has solved the conundrum, "Why was Washington like a newspaper man?" Answer: "Because he couldn't tell a lie!"

A Repentant Rogue.
SALAMANCA, N. Y., March 5.—Twelve years ago W. J. Harper & Co., hardware dealers, of Philadelphia, desiring to invest in oil lands, employed an Englishman named Edgar C. C. Martin to negotiate for the purchase of land near Pithole City. Twenty thousand dollars was intrusted to Martin to make a payment. He absconded with the money and Mrs. Estella Warren, the handsome young wife of the bar-tender at the hotel where he boarded. No trace of the runaway couple could be obtained, and the oil speculation of the Messrs. Harper proceeded no further.

In twelve years two members of the firm have died; the surviving member, William Harper, became a bankrupt in 1873. He removed from Philadelphia to Forest County. In the early part of February a letter, post-marked San Francisco, was received from the long-missing, faithless agent, Martin, proposing to refund the \$20,000 with interest, provided no legal measures should be taken against him. Mr. Harper went to San Francisco and found Martin and Mrs. Warren luxuriously quartered in an aristocratic part of the city. Mr. Harper agreed to all of Martin's propositions, and received \$36,800 and his expenses. The gentleman was recently on business, and thought he would eventually return to the States to live. Mrs. Warren has borne Martin one child, who is ten years old and blind.

Martin left a wife and six children in Maryland. He says that he has provided for them and that they are now in England.

The \$20,000 received by Mr. Harper was a better investment than if it had been put in oil land, for the Pithole country was short-lived and unprofitable. —[Special Correspondence of the World.]

Beauty.

Pretty women are spoken of as if they, of all others, were the elect; as if woman's sole claim to admiration rested on her possession of fine eyes or luxuriant hair. "Is she pretty?" is the first question asked concerning a new acquaintance, as though that embraced the whole subject. If a man likes a woman he generally considers her "pretty," for the term is merely conventional. A pretty woman, in the private lexicon of masculinity, signifies a woman interesting from whatever cause. Who has not known women to be called pretty that could hardly boast of a single handsome feature? Who has not been acquainted with those enjoying a wide reputation for prettiness that had almost any other than a physical charm? She who has a distinctly graceful manner, or an elegant air, or fine tact, or a talent for conversation, or quick sympathies, or cordial ways, or the art of listening well, albeit plain in face and an ordinary figure, is frequently styled pretty, and the adjective is repeated until it is fastened upon and constantly associated with her. Merely pretty women cannot rule society—never did and never will. When beauty is allied to pleasant manners, or accomplishments, tact, quick wit, then indeed it is all-powerful; otherwise a really plain woman who has conspicuous graces of mind and manner will prove more than a match for her beautiful, insipid sisters.

DR. C. MCLEAN'S LIVER PILLS.

These Pills are not recommended as a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.
No better or more certain remedy is known for ague, or for taking quinine. As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

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Apply to **W. P. WALTON,**

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THE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

ASK the recovered Dyspeptic, Bilious, Nervous, or Rheumatic sufferer, and you will find the Simmons' Liver Regulator the most reliable and safe remedy for all these ailments. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities. It is sold by all druggists and grocers.

THE CHEAPEST, PUREST AND BEST FAMILY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE, BILIOUS COLIC, RICK HEADACHE, COLE, IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD, STOMACHIC AFFECTIONS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER AND BILIOUS SYSTEM.

This unrivaled Southern remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is a purely vegetable preparation.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

containing those Southern Barks and Herbs, which are all pure and healthy, and which are the only remedies that will cure the Liver and Biliary system, and all the ailments that arise from its derangement.

The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, and joints, often shooting; Rheumatism; Headache; Stomachic; Loss of Appetite; Bileous secretions; and a general feeling of uneasiness and discomfort. A painful sensation of having dirt in the stomach, which ought to have been voided. Yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, others very few; but the LIVER, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not cured in the time, great suffering, weakness and death will ensue.

I can recommend as an efficacious remedy for disease of the Liver, Biliousness and Dyspepsia, Simmons' Liver Regulator.

Lewis G. WOODRIF, 1625 Market Street, Associate of the Medical Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

"We have tested this remedy, personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Rheumatism, it is the best remedy in the world. We have tried many other remedies, but none have given us more relief than this. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities." —[Dr. J. C. WOODRIF, Philadelphia, Pa.]

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WORM SPECIFIC

OR

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and lead-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache; with burning or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times constipated; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; meteoric; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. C. MCLEAN'S VERMIFUGE

will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

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